



THE CHURCH BILL AND DOWNFALL OF BRIBERY COMPOSED BY W. BENNET Air Boodle and go

You Sons of the Shamrock attend to my ditty,
Unto those few verses that I have wrote down,
Concerning the changes took place in our City,
For which many bigots will grumble an growl,
The poor-house recruits they are now done over,
For their bribery doing prov'd their overthrow,
Nemore those vile traitors can ever deceive us,
For now to their greif they must Bundle and go,

Now the high Church you see that has long kept us down
Its from her high station she has got a fall,
For Gladstone and Bright they did nobly fight !
And all her great honours has gone to the wall,
For three-hundred years she kept us in bondage,
And many bright thousands we paid her to our woe,
But now its all over poor Pat is in clover,
And the Church of England may bungle & go,

Now Saint Columbkille professed with good will,
He told us in Ireland we would suffer sore,
By Church-rates & tithes our Sons they would drive,
Far away from their friends & their native shore
To the American land our tradesmen are gone
For want & oppression forced them for to fly
For it is well known both abroad & at home,
For the sake of green Erin they'd willingly die,

The Catholick faith in our Isleland was planted,
It was in the fifth century as we understand,
By Saint Patrick our patron & Saint of our Isleland,
And has since been held sacred by each true Irishman,
No Swabbers or Preachers of New Lights or Quakers,
No Jumpers or Brunswickers that would be our foe,
But the rich and the poor the great the small,
To the one place of worship together did go,

Now there was King Harry many wives he did marry,
He founded the Church and he call'd it divine,
But our Altars he plunder'd & our Chappels unnumber'd,
And then with the holy he caused her to shine,
But tithes they are still 'd in this land of green Erin,
Nemore for our Creed we'll be knock'd through & thro,
For we'll soon see the day that each man he must pay,
To support her own Church or else bundle & go,

Nemore the gable house will be seen in its splendor,
With drivers & Porters & their cruel band,
Our Army nemore with our Police will be marching,
Across our green mountains our valleys & lands,
The Tithes to enforce that pest of old Erin,
That often caused poor Paddy's blood for to flow,
But Gladstone & Bright & each Irishman's right,
Will make all those tyrants to bundle.

So now to conclude these few verses I'll end,
Be loyal & true & our Country defend
No place hunting tyrants in our land shall be seen,
But our Lords & our Gnomes in sweet College-green,
Then trade and commerce will revisit our shore,
And we'll be as free as we were before,
And then our brave Sons and fair Daughters also,
At home to green Erin they'll bundle and go,